

USEFUL GOSSIP

FOR THE

YOUNG SCHOLAR.

OR,

TELL-TALE PICTURES.

BY MARY ELLIOTT.



LONDON.

WILLIAM DARTON, 58, HOLBORN-HILL.

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1838

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THE GREAT OCEAN

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USEFUL GOSSIP.



Plough-ing. (No. 1.)



The Rol-ler. (No. 2.)

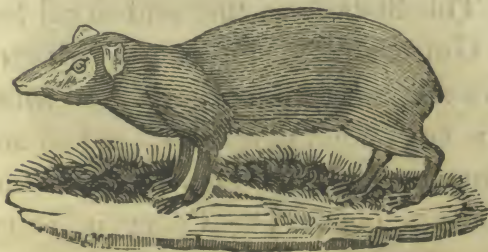
Plough-ing. (No. 1.)

This is a bet-ter sight than a fine coach ; the plough pre-pares the ground for the seed ; and these hor-ses are do-ing more real ser-vice than the pran-cing steeds which draw la-zy peo-ple through the streets. The man who guides them is cal-led a Plough-man.

The Rol-ler. (No. 2.)

This bird is of the mag-pie tribe, but we hope he does not chat-ter so much. Many words are not proofs of sense ; but we may laugh at a bird's non-sense, though we ex-pect more wis-dom from cle-ver chil-dren, such as my young read-ers.

The Ca-ry. (No. 3.)



The Bun ting. (No. 4.)

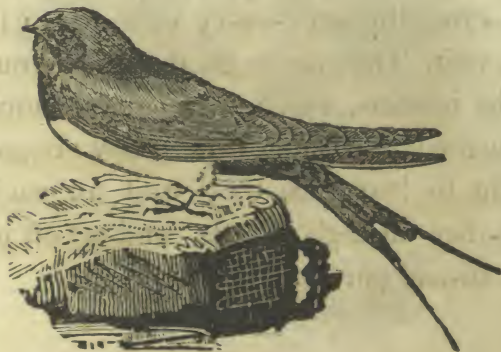
The Ca-vy. (No. 3.)

This lit-tle crea-ture is al-so cal-led a Gui-nea Pig. It is a na-tive of Bra-zil, and feeds on herbs and fruit: it is ve-ry fond of ap-ples, and so are some o-ther crea-tures who are not Gui-nea pigs. The Ca-vy is ve-ry use-ful in kil-ling of rats, which of-ten do much mis-chief.

The Bun-ting. (No. 4.)

Here is a bird ve-ry much like the Lark, but it is not so dain-ty to the taste. It will not stay in warm coun-tries du-ring the win-ter; but Eng-land seems to suit the lit-tle fel-low, for he re-mains with us du-ring that sea-son. The Bun-ting is well known to us.

The Swallow. (No. 5.)



The Hoo-poe. (No. 6.)

The Swal-low. (No. 5.)

Here is a pret-ty bird who comes a-cross the sea e-ve-ry year, to pay us a visit. They are so good as to de-vour the in-sects, which an-noy us so much in the sum-mer. When they are going to leave us, they wait for each o-ther on high pla-ces, and set off in a so-cial par-ty.

The Hoo-poe. (No. 6.)

This is a ve-ry hand-some bird, and so the pic-ture tells us: we do not of-ten see it in our Is-land, it likes warm-er cli-mates. It comes from A-fri-ca in the spring, and on-ly stops while sum-mer lasts. The Hoo-poe sel-dom perch-es on a tree, but keeps on the sur-face of the ground.

The Chaf-finch. (No. 7.)



The Goat. (No. 8.)

The Chaf-finch. (No. 7.)

What a pret-ty, though small, bird, is this; it has ma-ny sweet notes in its song, and is a har-dy warb-ler: it eats ma-ny sorts of seed, but pre-fers chaff to all other food; whence it is cal-led Chaf-finch. Those from Es-sex are the best sing-ers.

The Goat. (No. 8.)

Do not vex this use-ful crea-ture, for it can hurt you ve-ry bad-ly with its horns. Goat's milk is ve-ry sweet; their skin makes soft gloves, and their horns are made in-to han-dles for knives and forks. It is pret-ty to see them climb high hills, or leap from rock to rock.

Hunt-ing the Boar. (No. 9.)



Sports-men. (No. 10.)

Hunt-ing the Boar. (No. 9.)

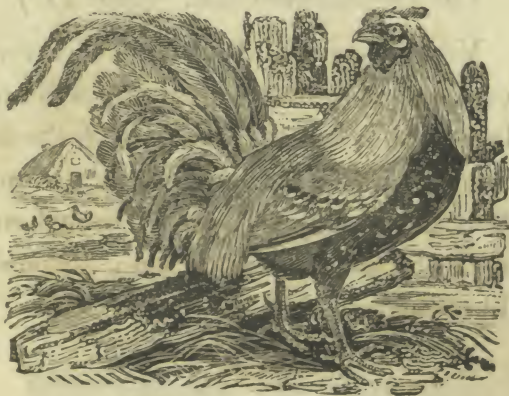
This is a fierce crea-ture ; all Boars are rough ; and this, we see, is a wild one, for the dogs are hunt-ing it, and the men have long spears to kill it. What great tusks it has ! I would soon-er meet one of our tame swine.

Sports-men. (No. 10.)

Oh ! this is a sad sight ; these men are go-ing to kill the poor birds.

This is cru-el sport, in-deed !
Little crea-tures, how they bleed !
Though they may be dain-ty food,
Who would take them from their brood ?
Bread a-lone should do for me,
Ere I would so cru-el be.

The Do-mes-tic Cock. (No. 11.)



The Wa-ter Wag-tail. (No. 12.)

The Do-mes-tic Cock. (No. 11.)

You noi-sy proud fel-low, we know
you well; your loud crow-ing will not
let us lie in bed late, so la-zy folks do
not like you. Cocks are a hand-some
bird, and ve-ry care-ful of their hens
and chick-ens, whom they de-fend
like fond pa-rents.

The Wa-ter Wag-tail. (No. 12.)

1.

Lit-tle bird, with thy bo-som of white,
How bu-sy and sau-cy you look;
As, wag-ging thy tail in de-light,
You hop round the pond or the brook.

2

You ought a good plough-man to be,
For long you have fol-low-ed the trade;
But it is for the in-sects I see,
And not to give Ro-bin your aid.

(The Fal-low Deer. (No. 13.)



The Ci-vet Cat. (No. 14.)

The Fal-low Deer. (No. 13.)

How no-ble the deer looks in our parks, with his fine branch-ing horns; and what nice food is ve-ni-son, which is the flesh : his skin makes breech-es and gloves, and the horns make many use-ful things. The young Deer, cal-led Fawns, are pret-ty crea-tures, and skip most nim-bly.

The Ci-vet Cat. (No. 14.)

This is a crea-ture of the Wea-sel kind, fa-mous for the per-fume it yields, which some peo-ple think is the same as musk, but this is a mis-take : too much of this per-fume is pain-ful to bear. The Ci-vet likes dain-ty food, such as fowls, eggs, rice, birds, and fish.

The Gold-en Ea-gle. (No. 15.)*The Tit mouse. (No. 16.)*

The Gold-en Ea-gle. (No. 15.)

1.

On high the Ea-gle builds its nest,
And hides its young from sight ;
While he, a bold and cru-el guest,
Goes rob-bing in the night.

2.

Our lambs and kids, our poul-try too,
His little Ea-glets share ;
What have the gree-dy things to do
With such nice whole-some fare.

The Tit-mouse. (No. 16.)

This lit-tle fat bird is no stran-ger
to us, we of-ten see him in our woods
and or-chards ; his song is not a ve-ry
loud one, but he is worth more than a
song, for he eats the in-sects, who
would des-troy the young buds and
blos-soms. So we find, that even a
'Tit-mouse can do some good.

The Owl. (No. 17.)

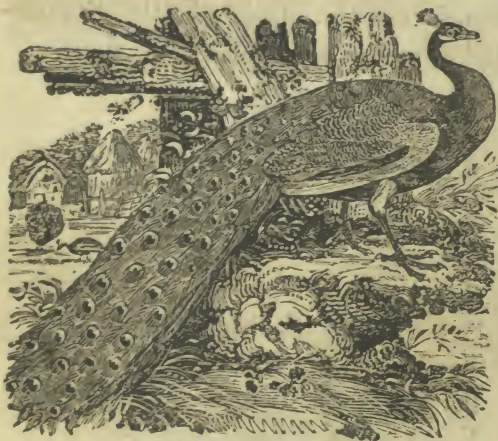
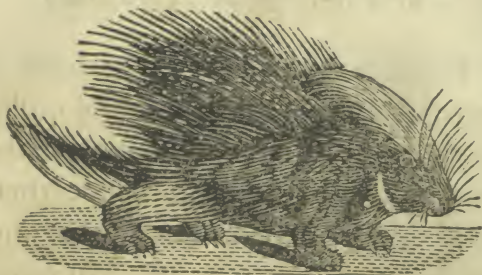
The Owl! (No. 17.)

How wise this bird looks, with its
great head and eyes!

But why does he hide in old tow-ers
In the day, when we ram-ble a-bout?
For peo-ple who keep ear-ly hours
Are a-sleep, when he deigns to come out.

We sus-pect there is more con-ceit
than wis-dom in the Owl; but we
can-not help smil-ing (when, by
chance, we find his re-treat) to see
how grave-ly he sits, wink-ing his
eyes, ei-ther to a-void look-ing at us
sil-ly folks, or be-cause the day-light
does not suit his gloo-my ha-bits.

The Por-cu-pine. (No. 18.)



The Pea-cock. (No. 19.)

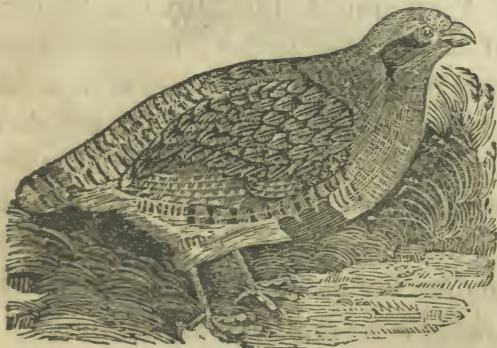
The Por-cu-pine. (No. 18.)

What a strange look-ing beast is here! with those sharp point-ed quills, grow-ing from his skin, which make him look ve-ry fright-ful; and, when he is an-gry, he can shoot them out, and wound his pur-su-ers. In some coun-tries, the flesh of the Por-cu-pine is reck-on-ed plea-sant food.

The Pea-cock. (No. 19.)

Well, show-y bird, we see thy tail,
To charm the eye it can-not fail;
It is in-deed a love-ly sight,
So ma-ny co-lours rich and bright.
But what of this—here ends thy fame;
For who that hears a Pea-cock's name
Ex-pects a bird of sense to see?
No—pride is all we give to thee

The Par-tridge. (No. 20.)



The Spar-row Hawk. (No. 21.)

The Par-tridge. (No. 20.)

Poor sim-ple bird, thy ten-der care of thy young is lost, be-cause thou hast not sense to build a nest in a safe place. The corn-fields are no shelter; for the reap-er's sic-kle of-ten de-stroys thy home; and, should it es-cape his sweep-ing hand, the gun of the fow-ler is nigh; so the Par-tridge is e-ver in dan-ger.

The Spar-row Hawk. (No. 21.)

This is a cru-el and dar-ing bird : see how he o-pens his beak, as if to de-stroy us; but we are too large a mouth-ful for the gree-dy fel-low. He does great mis-chief a-mong pi-ge-ons, poul-try, rab-bits, and hares; and we may of-ten ob-serve him pur-suing young birds; but, with all this, he is soon tam-ed, and made do-cile.

The Bat. (No. 24.)



The Bea-ver. (No. 25.)

The Bat. (No. 24.)

Why this is like a Mouse with wings, but not so pret-ty. Bats often get in-to our chim-neys, and eat the ba-con, or what food should be hang-ing there. Like the Owl, they do not ram-ble till night. This last nam-ed bird cha-ses them into hollow trees and holes, and then de-stroys them. Thus, all crea-tures prey upon each o-ther.

The Bea-ver. (No. 25.)

This cle-ver beast builds its dwell-ing with so much art, that one would think it was the work of man. The fur of the Bea-ver is made in-to hats; and they like-wise yield an oil, call-ed Cas-tor, which is a well known phy-sic. These ac-tive crea-tures af-ford a good les-son to the i-dle, who can, but will *not*, ex-ert them-selves.

The Ca-na-ry Bird. (No. 26.)*The Gold-finch.* (No. 27.)

The Ca-na-ry Bird. (No. 26.)

1.

Our lit-tle friend, in yel-low clad,
Whose notes make all his hear-ers glad;
Sings sweet-er on this branch of tree,
Than when de-pri-ved of li-ber-ty.

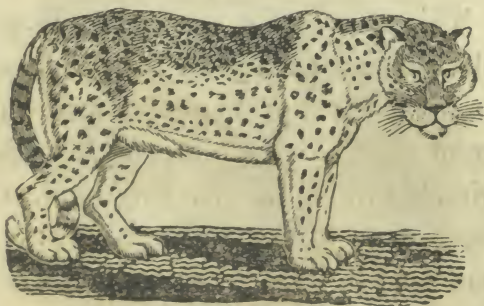
2.

Yet, e-ven in the cage of wire,
A lump of su-gar will in-spire
His mer-ry heart, and make him sing,
With sounds that through our ears shall ring.

The Gold-finch. (No. 27.)

What a pret-ty scar-let head, and
de-li-cate form, has a Gold-finch ; and
what bird can sing more sweet-ly!
he be-gins his song ear-ly in the spring:
how neat-ly it forms its nest with moss,
grass, and roots ! A Gold-finch will
learn ma ny tricks, which di-vert the
eye, but it is by harsh me-thods : so
we on-ly de-sire to hear it sing.

The Ounce. (No. 28.)



Eng-lish men. (No. 29.)

The Ounce. (No. 28.)

This crea-ture is one of the Ti-ger ribe; his spot-ted skin is hand-some to look at; but his grim face and great claws do not tempt us to make friends with him. In Eng-land, we have none of these wild beasts: we can send to fo-reign coun-tries, when we want their skins.

Eng-lish-men. (No. 29.)

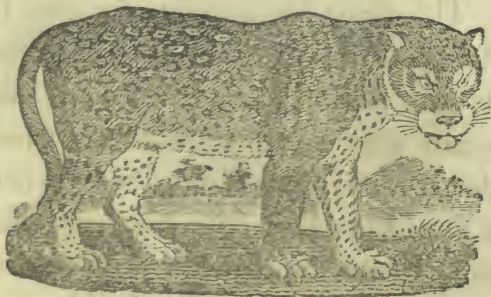
These good men are no stran-gers to us: there is the bold Sol-di-er, here the brave and mer-ry Sai-lor: then, to the right, are the wise States-man, and use-ful Hus-band-man. I hope the two last will be able to ma-nage for the good of their coun-try, without the aid of the Sol-di-er and Sai-lor. Peace and plen-ty for us!

The Auc-ti-on-eer. (No. 30.)

The Auc-ti-on-er. (No. 30.)

O-pen your pur-ses, and get your mo-ney rea-dy, that we may not lose a bar-gain ; see, the ham-mer is just go-ing for the last time.

But, let us en-quire what is for sale. Why, a good tem-per ; and, no doubt it will bring a large sum ; in-deed it is worth it, for it is al-ways plea-sant, makes the own er hap-py, and all our friends cheer-ful. If any one here means to have their like-ness tak-en, I would ad-vise them to buy this real beau-ty, be-fore they sit for their pic-ture. The paint-er has no co-lours to com-pare with the un-fad-ing tints of good tem-per. Go-ing ! go-ing ! gone !

The Pan-ther. (No. 31.)*Hot-ten-tots.* (No. 32.)

The Pan-ther. (No. 31.)

This beast has a great like-ness to the Li-on, but it is not so strong, and its skin is spot-ted. I see these wild beasts are worth some-thing when dead, though we shun them when a-live; and no won-der, for their looks in-spire ter-ror, and their na-ture is cru-el; yet Man can sub-due them.

Hot-ten-tots. (No. 32.)

1.

Coarse in fea-ture, black in face;
View this wild and sa-vage race:
Once they on-ly drew the bow,
Some-thing bet-ter now they know.

2.

Now they learn to pray and read,
Know a good from e-vil deed;
All their su-per-sti-ti-on's gone,
They be-lieve in God a-lone.

The Le-o-pard. (No. 33.)



A-fri-cans, or Ne-groes, (No. 34.)

The Le-o-pard. (No. 33.)

The skin of this beast is finer than that of the Ounce, or even the Panther; and we may see it in the fur-shops, where it makes a grand show: the spots are very handsome. Of all this species, the Tiger is the most fierce; its thirst for blood spares neither beast or man: let us keep out of its way.

A-fri-cans, or Ne-groes. (No. 34.)

Poor simple creatures! are these wicked men about to sell you? How shocking to dispose of our fellow-creatures for money! England has no slaves; come to us; and the moment you put your foot on our shore, ye are free. God made us all free, he abhors tyranny.

The Ca-me-le-o-pard. (No. 35.)*But-ter-fly and Fruit. (No. 36.)*

The Ca-me-le o-pard. (No. 35.)

The head of this crea-ture is like a Ca-mel's, on-ly that it has two lit-tle horns. Its spot-ted skin is like the Le-o-pard's, and of much value. This is not a so-ci-al beast; for it lives re-ti-red in the woods: and, if the hun-ter wish-es to catch it, he must do so while it is young. The pic-ture shows it is a hand-some crea-ture.

But-ter-fly and Fruit. (No. 36.)

1.

Cun-ning in-sect, well you know
Fruit is plea-sant to the taste;
But your wings make such a show,—
See, to catch you, boys make haste.

2.

Leave your tempt-ing din-ner, pray,
While they stop to gain new breath:
Hast-en, but-ter-fly, a-way,
Lest your beau-ty prove your death.

The Ou-rang-Ou-tang. (No. 37.)



A To-bac-co Plant. (No. 38.)

The Ou-rang-Ou-tang. (No. 37.)

This odd crea-ture looks some-thing like a Wild Man, but he is on-ly a sort of Ba-boon, or Mon-key. We should not like such a play-mate; he would be too rough for us; he is a droll look-ing brute; and those in Ex-eter Change are kept in good or-der by their keep-er, so that we may a-muse our-selves with his tricks in safe-ty.

A To-bac-co Plant. (No. 38.)

This lit-tle plant is much u-sed, some-times as a sort of phy-sic; al-so by chew-ing, or pre-par-ed as snuff. It was first brought to Eng-land by Sir Wal-ter Ra-leigh, more than two hun-dred years since: it comes from A-me-ri-ca; but, as we do not mean to smoke to-bac-co, it is of no use to us; on-ly we like to know where and how it grows.

The Tea Tree. (No. 39.)



Catch-ing a Whale. (No. 40.)

The Tea Tree. (No. 39.)

Tea is a shrub that grows in Chi-na and Ja-pan. It first bears flow-ers, then fruit, the size of sloes; there is much trou-ble in mak-ing it fit for use; but, when all is done, and we put it in-to our tea-pot, we on-ly think of its pleas-ant fla-vour; and few of us would turn a-way from a cup of warm tea, well su-gar-ed and milk-ed.

Catch-ing a Whale. (No. 40.)

Look at these har-dy sai-lors, off the coast of Green-land, catch-ing a Whale; they must have a har-poon, ropes, and o-ther things, to se-cure this great fish. We shall find a use for its oil, whale-bone, and the i-vo-ry from its tusks; but we must wait till it be pre-par-ed for us.

Hawk-ing. (No. 41.)



The Li-on. (No. 42.)

Hawk-ing. (No. 41.)

Here is an old sport: in former times, the Nobles and their Ladies were ve-ry fond of Hawk-ing, and gave a great price for a fine bird, which was fed and nur-sed with much care. We have bet-ter pur-suits in these days; and, if we go a Hawk-ing, it is af-ter know-ledge.

The Li-on. (No. 42.)

1.

His flow-ing mane, and gla-ring eye,
Strike with fear the stand-er by.
Hark to his loud and an-gry roar,
That makes us trem-ble o'er and o'er.

2.

His tail he lash-es in a rage:
I wish we had him in a cage;
Or in the Tow-er, where we see
Li-ons of roy-al pe-di-gree.

The Wood-lark. (No. 45.)



The Plover, or Lapwing. (No. 46.)

The Wood-lark. (No. 45.)

1.

Sweet bird, thy notes so soft and clear,
Sur-pass the fea-ther-ed race ;
The Night-in-gale, who charms our ear,
Has not more na-tive grace.

2.

But do not try to sing its song,
Which is too much for thee ;
Thy own, if not so loud or strong,
Has e-qual me-lo-dy.

The Pee-wit, or Lap-wing. (No. 46.)

You lit-tle light-footed thing, we know you by your red legs and black bill : swift-ly as you run, the nets soon en-trap you ; and, as you are thought to be dain-ty food, I fear there is lit-tle chance of sa-ving your-self. We find the Lap-wing of great use in our gar-dens, for it snaps up the worms and ca-ter-pil-lars.

The Ra-ven. (No. 47.)



Look-ing for Par-trid-ges. (No. 48.)

The Ra-ven. (No. 47.)

What a fine glos-sy skin this bird has! it is a mix-ture of black and blue. The Ra-ven is a do-cile crea-ture, and may be taught to speak; but it is a sad thief, and will run a-way with our spoons, and other shi-ning things. They eat much filth, which helps to clear our towns; and their quills make pens.

Look-ing for Part-rid-ges. (No. 48.)

Stop, good fow-ler, do not kill these poor birds, who are tend-ing their young; think how sad it would be, if some cru-el per-son were to shoot you, and leave your poor chil-dren or-phans: and you may have a nice din-ner with-out add-ing this pret-ty crea-ture to the se-cond course.

The Chat-ter-er. (No. 49.)



Fish-ing. (No. 50.)

The Chat-ter-er. (No. 49.)

The name of this noi-sy bird tells us what is his fail-ing; and, should you be near e-nough to lis-ten to him, you will think he well de-serves his ti-tle; but he is a pret-ty crea-ture, and we can find ex-cuse for a bird's prat-tle. See what a cun-ning look he gives us!

Fish-ing. (No. 50.)

Well! this is a wea-ry sport, and an i-dle one too: I should not like to sit so ma-ny hours for the chance of catch-ing a small fish; and sure-ly it is cru-el to al-lure the poor things by a tempt-ing bait, then suf-fer them to die on the grass, that we may en-joy their sweet flesh as a tit-bit.

The Ze-bra. (No. 51.)



Wheat and Bar-ley. (No. 52.)

The Ze-bra. (No. 51.)

This is in-deed a pret-ty beast ; it is like both the Horse and the Ass, but much more hand-some : look at the stripes of shi-ning brown and black, mix-ed with white. 'The Ze-bra is a na-tive of the East. Queen Char-lotte had one sent her as a pre-sent, and we may sup-pose it was much ad-mi-red.

Wheat and Bar-ley. (No. 52.)

'This is one kind of corn, and with this we make our best bread ; the sweet-ness of it is well known ; e-ve-ry bo-dy wish-es for a good har-vest. Now look to the right, and see an ear of bar-ley ; it has ma-ny long spikes, and is cal-led beard-ed corn : it is a grace-ful look-ing plant.

The Cof-fee Tree. (No. 53.)



The Stag. (No. 54.)

The Cof-fee Tree. (No. 53.)

This shrub looks some-thing like the lau-rel ; it bears a frag-rant white flow-er be-fore the ber-ries are formed. Cof-fee comes from Per-si-a, Tur-key, and the East and West Indies. It is a plea-sant drink, and a whole-some one ; but we should not like to take it so of-ten as the 'Turks do.

The Stag. (No. 54.)

Ah, poor beast ! no-ble and grace-ful as you look, you are not to be en-vied ; for the sport of the hunt-er brings sor-row on you.

Thy swift-ness and cun-ning will lit-tle a-vail,
The hunt-ers have found thy re-treat ;
The hounds on thy bo-dy will short-ly re-gale,
As breath-less you lie at their feet.

A Wa-ter Spout. (No. 55.)



A Vol-ca-no. (No. 56.)

A Wa-ter Spout. (No. 55.)

This is a dread-ful ef-fect of the clouds, and water : the clouds whirl round, and get thick, hang-ing down like a great tube ; and, from this, descend floods of rain, that de-stroy all they meet, on land or sea : we may sup-pose this is a shock-ing sight to wit-ness, and full of dan-ger.

A Vol-ca-no. (No. 56.)

Here is a se-cond won-der of Na-ture ; it is a burn-ing moun-tain, throw-ing up red hot stones, with streams of li-iquid fire run-ning over its mouth, or cra-ter, which burn all that come in its way. Ve-su-vi-us in I-ta-ly, and Et-na in Si-ci-ly, are fa-mous vol-ca-nos.

A-me-ri-can In-di-ans. (No. 57.)



A-me-ri-can In-dians. (No. 57.)

Wild as we may sup-pose these peo-ple to be, we see they are fond of dis-play : look at the fine fea-thers the men wear on their heads ; and the la-dies, too, like beads and show-y co-lours. They are a war-like race, and ve-ry ex-pert in the use of the bow. Their mode of war-fare is cru-el ; they poi-son the tips of their ar-rows, and thus add cer-tain death to the wounds they may give. They are quick of feel-ing ; and, since they have mix-ed with pious Chris-tians, seem more gen-tle in their na-ture. We wish they could all read the Bi-ble ; it would sure-ly sof-ten their hearts, and ren-der them peace-ful.

A Su-gar Cane. (No. 58.)



The Tit-lark. (No. 59.)

A Su-gar Cane. (No. 58.)

The sight of this plant puts one in mind of bar-ley sugar, su-gar can-dy, and ma-ny o-ther things : here we see the flow-er, the leaves, and the seeds ; the cane part is full of a jui-cy pith, from which is squeez-ed the li-quor that is boil-ed in-to su-gar ; but too much of sweets is not whole-some.

The Tit-lark. (No. 59.)

Here is a pret-ty bird ; though we may guess, from its name, that it is small of size ; yet it has a voice, and can give us a song, but in weak-er strains than the o-ther spe-cies of the Lark. Boys are apt to seek their nests, and rob them of their young ; but none pre-sent would do so cru-el an act.

Hunt-ing. (No. 60.)



Cha-ri-ty. (No. 61.)

Hunt-ing. (No. 60.)

See! here are the hun-ters, the
whip-per in, and the gree-dy pack of
hounds. I fear some poor ti-mid hare
is pur-su-ed; gen-tle, harm-less puss!
thou art but a poor gain when kill-ed.
I wish you may es-cape to your old
haunts, and that these cru-el sports-
men may go with-out their din-ner.

Cha-ri-ty. (No. 61.)

1.

Ah! this is pleas-ing to be-hold—
The rich re-liev-ing woe;
Who would wish to hoard their gold,
When thus they may be-stow?

2.

Do but ad-mire that lit-tle boy
Look on with tear-ful eye;
He sees his mo-ther give with joy,
But joy that makes him cry.

The E-le-phant. (No. 62.)



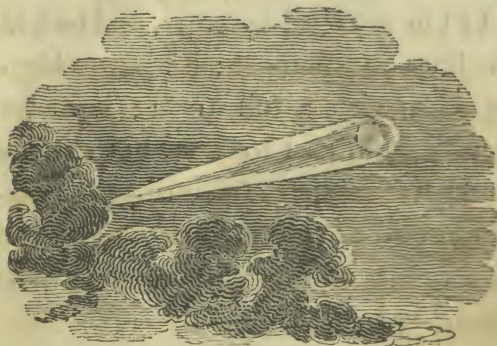
The Horse. (No. 63.)

The E-le-phant. (No. 62.)

What a great crea-ture is this ; he looks as if he would crush us to a-toms ; that he could soon do ; but he is a brute of feel-ing, and e-ven sense ; and will learn to o-bey man, as a child would : their ivory teeth are a great branch of trade. The E-le-phant some-times carries a wood-en tow-er on his back ; and, in this, a do-zen men.

The Horse. (No. 63.)

What shall we say of you, old friend ? that you are ac-tive, bold, use-ful, and fond of man. I like you in all pla-ces ; but it is pleas-ing to see you thus at your ease, without har-ness or rein, crop the grass, and gam-bol as you please : you me-rit all our kind-ness.

A Co-met. (No. 64.)*The New found-land Dog.* (No. 65.)

A Co-met. (No. 64.)

Let us get a tel-es-cope, and look at this flam-ing plan-et ; it is like a blaz-ing star, with a tail to it ; it moves slow-ly from east to west, but swift-ly round the earth. A Com-et is a-no-ther proof of God's great-ness, and shows his wond-rous works more strong-ly.

The New-found-land Dog. (No. 65.)

This is a no-ble crea-ture, but his size does not a-larm us ; we know his na-ture ; he ne-ver puts forth his strength but to as-sist us.

In pe-rils he will by us stay,
No dan-ger fright-ens him a-way :
At sea he'll swim, on shore he'll fight,
To save us, or de-fend our right.
Can we be o-ther-wise than kind
To one who only wants a mind
To prove he is a per-fect friend,
And ne-ver wish-es to of-fend ?

The Ass. (No. 66.)*The Sheep.* (No. 67.)

The Ass. (No. 66.)

Me-thinks our friend looks ve-ry gay,
And, mas-ter Don-key ! well you may,
For times are great-ly chang-ed with thee,
As by thy fine sleek coat we see.
La-bour was once thy on-ly use,
Hard stripes they gave thee and a-buse ;
But since fine la-dies on thee ride,
The Don-key is his mas-ter's pride ;
And, when with trap-pings fine at-tir-ed,
Few a-ni-mals are more ad-mir-ed.

The Sheep. (No. 67.)

Use-ful and gen-tle crea-ture, you
lit-tle think we let you crop the green
mea-dow but to fat-ten your flesh for
our own eat-ing : we can-not do with-
out mut-ton, and your wool makes
warm cloth-ing, and your skin has
ma-ny uses ; yet, when I look in your
qui-et face, it seems a pi-ty to take a
life so harmless.

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